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The ECHO

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WILKINSON
1818

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To the conscientious, painstaking Supervisor of Music

MRS. MINNIE MILLS

This number of The Echo is dedicated

by the June Staff

of 1913

Class Motto

*To begin well is good;
To end well, better.*

THE ECHO

June Class, 1913

With Honors

FRANCES AHL
STIRLING COULTER
GLADYS CARITHERS
MARY COLEMAN
TILLIE DE BERNARDI
HAZEL DEVOTO
VERA FRENCH
ETHEL HELMAN
DAGNY JUELL
VIOLA LOCKHART
ANITA NATHANSON
ERNESTINE PEDROTTI
MILDRED WADSWORTH

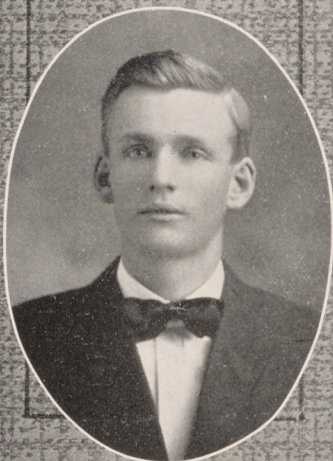
MAE ANDREWS
CLARENDON ANDERSON
LENA BAUM
ALIEDA BIRCK
GLADYS BAGLEY
GLADYS COMBS
JOSIE CASSANI
ALLISON DICKSON
RUTH DICKSON
BARBARA DOWS
HELEN FRASER
GLADYS GILMAN
GEOGENIA HALL
ELSIE KELLER
CRYSTAL LAMBERT
BERYL LEBARON
MARY MATTHEWS
ARTHUR MEESE
ROY MILLS
ESTHER MILLER
LESTER NATHANSON
MABEL RAYNER
CHARLES ROBERTS
EMILY RUED
DOROTHY SMITH
EUNICE SILVA
MARY THOMPSON
RAEGEN TALBOT
CHARLOTTE VAN WORMER
ABBIE WILKINSON
FRANCES WILSON
RUTH WRIGHT
ARCHIE HEWITT
WESTON ANDERSON
GLADYS BERRY
ELIZA ANDREWS
BLANCHE BONNARD
CHESTER GORE
AMELIA THOLE
FRED PEDERSEN
ANNIE MATTHEWS
GEORGE MEAGHER
MYRTLE PETERSON
ESTHER GILKEY
ELOISE YARNELL
ARTHUR ENGLAND



Chas. Roberts
Treasurer



Clarendon Anderson
President



J. Raegen Talbot
Representative



Mabel Rayner
Gladys Combs

Barbara Dows
Roy Mills
Mae Andrews

Dagny Juell
Vera French



Abbie Wilkinson
Mary Thompson

Crystal Lambert
Anita Nathanson
Georgina Hall

Gladys Bagley
Beryl Le Baron



Eunice Silva
Josie Cassani

Helen Fraser
Gladys Gilman
Charlotte Van Wormer

Annie Matthews
Ruth Dickson



Esther Miller
Dorothy Smith

Ernestine Pedrotti,
Gladys Carithers
Frances Wilson

Alida Birck
Lester Nathanson



Allison Dickson
Emily Rued

Hazel Devoto
Tillie de Bernardi
Elsie Keller

Lena Baum
Mary Matthews



Ethel Helman
Mary Coleman

Mildred Wadsworth
Stirling Coulter
Arthur Meese

Frances Ahl
Viola Lockhart

Prophecy of the Class of June, 1913

By Gladys Carithers and Stirling Coulter



THE AFTERNOON was sweltering, with the thermometer at one hundred and ten degrees. Windows and doors were thrown open to catch the least trace of cool air that might be in motion. The drone of lessons being repeated in one of the class rooms floated in at the study hall door. Students were restless and inattentive to their work; their thoughts wandering towards shady swimming pools and refreshing drinks rather than Algebra and Caesar.

The last period of the day had just taken up, when I sat idly back in my seat, reading my favorite story from the Arabian Nights, that of Eli and his ivory tube—the magic tube through which one could see anything that one would express a wish to see. As I sat there, mingling my thoughts with Eli and the coming graduation, suddenly without a moment's warning, the study hall vanished from sight, my seat broke loose from its fastenings, and I began to fall—down, down, down—would I ever stop falling! The shaft through which I was making this lengthy descent was very dark, the only illumination being the faint glow of a small electric light here and there. When it seemed to me as if I were doomed to fall forever, suddenly daylight flooded the scene, and I landed with a hard bump in the middle of a green lawn. Large shade trees dotted the lawn at intervals, and two huge fountains played into marble basins of pond lilies. Around the lawn in great profusion, grew red, pink, white, and yellow roses, and roses of all sorts and descriptions, sending forth an almost overpowering fragrance. Formidable stone walls enclosed this garden, at the farther end of which a massive brass door opened into a huge edifice of Oriental architecture.

I sat up, rubbed my eyes, and gazed around in a half dazed way. Then I noticed a man coming towards me. He wore a turban, a short, ragged jacket of green material, and long, ragged red bloomers. On his feet were a pair of Turkish slippers. As he approached, I hailed him to ask him what place this was, and as he stepped up to me, I noticed that he carried in his hand an ivory tube. He told me that I had fallen into the rose garden of the Sultan of Turkey and offered to show me the way out. As we walked along together, I mentioned the ivory tube that he carried in his hand, and he said, "Yes, I suppose you have read about me. I believe I am famous the world over. I am Eli of the Arabian Nights, and this is the wonderful ivory tube. But, ah! me! times are hard. The late war with the Balkans has impoverished my family so, in order to raise a little money, I am now willing to part with the magic tube. I will sell it for cost—forty pieces of silver."

"Has it still its magic properties," I asked? "Can you still see through it, the person you wish to see?"

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"Aye, and hear that person's voice. It will also give you glimpses into the future," answered Eli.

"Oh, let me have it," I cried. "Will it, O, will it show me the future of the Class of June, 1913?"

"Yes," said Eli. "You have but to express that wish and place the tube to your eye."

He then handed me the tube. Raising it to my eyes, I cried, "O, most wondrous tube. It is my wish to see the future of the Class of June, 1913."

Immediately, the interior of a stylish cafe appeared before my eyes. A gentleman came in and seated himself at a table in the far corner. As he looked over the menu, a dainty little waitress in white uniform approached to take his order. As he gazed down the bill of fare, he said principally to himself, "How's the chicken?" and the waitress answered quickly, "O, I'm all right." When they realized they had sprung that time-worn joke, they both laughed, and then I recognized them—Arthur Meese and Helen Fraser.

The scene then shifted to a court room. A famous criminal lawyer was making a plea for his client. At this moment, I heard in sonorous accents: "Gentlemen of the jury, gaze for one moment into the features of the defendant. Look into his eyes, his nose, the shape of his ear. Can't you see that he hasn't the features of a criminal? Can't you tell that this man wouldn't commit such a heinous offense as to steal a chicken?" I needed no more. I could recognize that voice anywhere. Yes, it was he—J. Raegen Talbot.

Raising the tube to my eye again, I saw the inside of a lawyer's office, where a stenographer bent diligently over the typewriter, writing for all she was worth. A young man entered and seated himself opposite the lawyer. The stenographer turned her head shyly around and winked at him. After that the conversation was quite broken for the client was always turning around to look at the stenographer, and she would ever and anon roll her big blue eyes at the man. It was sometime before I recognized her, but I finally did, and was quite surprised to see that she was my classmate—Elsie Keller.

An airship in full flight next appeared before the vision of the ivory tube. Beside the aviator sat a young man who appeared to be very nervous. Suddenly the airship dropped to earth in front of a lovely home in the midst of the fairest orange groves. As if answering a whistle from the young man, a girl rushed forth from the house into his arms. After a fond embrace, they jumped quickly into the airship and whisked away to the house of a Justice of the Peace, in whom I recognized my friend Charlotte Van Wormer. Two young ladies present, whom on closer inspection I recognized as Flora Blanc and Abby Wilkinson, together with the aviator, who proved to be Gladys Carithers, acted as witnesses for the wedding ceremony. When I recognized these people as my classmates, naturally I looked closer to see if I knew the bride and groom. And sure enough I did, for the prospective bride, blushing like a June rose, proved to be none other than Eunice Silva, and the nervous young groom at her side, Stirling Coulter.

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There next appeared a large brick building from which sounds very much resembling the screeches of a dozen tom cats issued forth. "What can this place be? Is it possible that this noise can go on without the occupants of the building being arrested for disturbing the peace?" "Why that," answered a voice, "is a fashionable vocal conservatory, conducted by Miss Barbara Dows, and Miss Mary Thompson. Miss Dows and Miss Thompson are now singing a duet for the benefit of their class."

A great city next appeared before my eyes. The streets were thronged with people. Flags were flying and music could be heard. Just then a great procession came down the street, at the head of which in a carriage drawn by two coal-black horses, rode a woman clad in a white gown and a white hat. "What place is this?" I asked.

"Why this is greater Bennett Valley that you see," a voice answered. "The people are having a Fourth of July celebration and the woman you see heading the procession is the new Mayor, Frances Ahl."

A merry-go-round running in full blast at the celebration was brought into prominence. As I looked closer I recognized the engineer as my classmate, Charles Roberts, and the lady in the ticket-office as Ernestine Pedrotti.

The scene now shifted to a pugilistic ring, where the champion light-weights were about to begin the first round. The wistful expression of one of the champions attracted my attention, and on looking closer, I noticed that it was no other than my classmate, Mildred Wadsworth, and her opponent, the dignified Tillie de Bernardi. The opponents glaring and scowling at each other, could only be restrained by the main force of their respective trainers, Allison Dickson and Gladys Gilman.

The portals of a huge library came into view, where a lady had just inquired of the librarian, whom I recognized as Ruth Wright, for a book entitled "The Agonized Groan," written by the famous author, Vera French, but not finding it she then asked for the latest novel, "The Piano Tuner's Elopement," by that popular novelist, Ethel Helman.

I gazed next into an artistic studio. A lady cartoonist, in whom I recognized as Aliede Birk, was drawing an extremely ridiculous cartoon of a man being chased by a score of furious women. Lemons were being hurled at his head; his hat was flying through the air in the wake of a brick sent by the hand of the leader of the mob. At the bottom, the cartoon bore this legend: "What will happen to President Anderson if he does not sign the women's suffragette bill now pending."

The tube next brought before my eyes the desk of the society editor of the Forestville Tribune, Dagny Juell, bent diligently over a heap of papers, writing up her notes for the next issue.

Once more a great city came within my vision. Before the doors of the leading opera house, great swaying, seething crowds were forced back by three sturdy policemen. No, as I looked closer I saw that they were police-women, and as I gazed again I recognized them. Swinging their clubs back and forth and striving madly to keep back the surging crowds, were Dorothy Smith, Mary Coleman and Georgena Hall. Behind the bars of the ticket

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window, a prima donna's manager stood complacently watching the thousands and thousands of dollars roll into the treasury. A closer view showed him to be Roy Mills. "What is the attraction there?" I asked. "Why," replied a voice, "the world's most famous soprano sings there tonight. She is billed there as 'Mlle. Ruth Dickson, the Human Nightingale.'"

Before the wondrous eye of the magic tube, a bakery next was shown. A man was looking over the wares, making more fuss than purchases. As I looked, I heard him ask, "Have those doughnuts got holes in them?" "No, you boob," answered the smart, young saleswoman behing the counter, "we always fill up the holes with plaster of Paris." I looked again, and looked more closely. Yes, at last I recognized them. The asker of foolish questions was Lester Nathanson, and the girl behind the counter was Emily Rued.

Another theatre now came before my vision. This proved to be a vaudeville show. The first act brought to view two petite young girls, dressed in short, spangled costumes, of myriad colors, and whose sweet voices chimed in that latest rag-time hit, "By the Back Door Hung the Washboard That I Used on Monday Morn." I recognized these "dolls" to be my old friends, Viola Lockhart and Beryl LeBaron.

I next observed a scientific farm in cultivation. First, I was shown the dairy, and there, running the electric cow-milker, I saw Josie Cassini. The vision then changed from the dairy to the orchard, where perched upon a ladder, pruning a cherry tree, I saw Crystal Lambert. As I looked closer I saw a vegetable garden, where, down on her knees, planting whole pumpkins, I was astonished to see Esther Miller, and gathering thousands of eggs in the poultry department of this farm was Frances Wilson. These young ladies, after graduating from college, had formed a company to run this farm, and had proved to be quite successful in their undertaking.

The wonderful tube again changed from this scene to the interior of a hospital for sick parrots. The nurses taking care of their feathered charges I recognized as Gladys Combs and Gladys Bagley.

Then, there appeared the interior of a huge assembly room, where a spirited suffragette presided over a lively and interested crowd of women. As she waved her arms in the air, violently exclaiming, "We should worry, my friends; give them time and they will come through with the votes!" I recognized my friend, Mae Andrews, who after having secured women's suffrage for her own State, was continuing the good work in Alabama.

The scene was now near at hand, for before me I saw the elegant court of the Sultan of Turkey. There in the throne room sat the Sultan, enjoying an entertainment provided for him by hundreds of classic dancers, who were waving wreaths of roses to and fro. It was a wondrous sight. As I came nearer, I recognized the little dark-haired girl leading the throng, as none other than Hazel Devoto, singing "In My Harem," at the top of her voice.

Behold! A Parisian costumer! What a sight! It happened to be the day for showing of June bridal thousseaux. To my surprise, the first graceful model who appeared before my eyes was Mary Matthews, and her train-bearer, Mabel Rayner.

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Suddenly the scene changed. I found myself gazing into a crowded circus tent. The champion tight-wire walker and her assistant, who held one end of the wire in her teeth, were in the midst of their performance. I gazed for a long time before I recognized that little lady, tripping nimbly along the wire, as Lena Baum, and her strong-toothed assistant as Anita Nathanson.

"It is indeed a most wonderful tube," I said, after I had seen in succession the future of my classmates, including myself. "I will pay you the forty pieces of silver you ask for it."

I was just about to hand him the money, when I felt a violent shaking as if there were an earthquake. Suddenly, the beautiful garden, Eli, and everything disappeared, and I found myself once more in the study hall, Miss Crane was shaking me violently by the shoulder to wake me up, and, as I came to I heard her remark, "Stirling, if you expect to graduate, you had better wake up and correct your binder."

Last Will and Testament of the June Class of 1913

We, the modest class of June, 1913, knowing the end to be near, and wishing to leave our numerous affairs in perfect order, do make our last will and testament as follows:

To the future classes of unfortunate pupils who are forced to memorize in English VII, I, Lena Baum, do leave my knowledge to be handed, in small quantities, by Miss O'Meara, to each entering pupil. This will prove both a benefit to the class, and an add for myself.

I, Frances Ahl, sadly bequeath my snappy black eyes to Madge Wheeler, believing that hers are not dark enough. My fondness for debating I leave to Grace Titus.

I, handsome, howling, Judge Anderson, at other times called Clarendon, the honorable president of this illustrious class, do reluctantly bequeath my judicial expression to Dale Wessler, knowing that he can easily replace his grin with it. My title of Spitzbube, which fits me so well, I give to Earl Rogers, and my beautiful locks of hair, with my flute, to Edward Koford.

I, Mae Andrews, sadly leave my freckles to Orville Lambert; and my glasses to Lola Boyes.

On this sad (?) occasion, I, Gladys Bagley, do hereby bequeath my ability to make brilliant recitations to Paul Woods, and my skill as a typist to Olive Vineyard.

With great sadness, I, Aliede Birck, leave my popularity with the boys of the Physiology class, to Lola Boyes, knowing that she has long yearned for it. My tendency to giggle, I leave to Mildred Turner, so that she will be less sober.

I, Flora Blanc, remembering that our lover of music, Ruth Hill, was not in our midst when I sang, do leave to her my copy of my favorite song, "Tit-willow."

I, Gladys Carithers, leave my majestic appearance of the stage to Ade-

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laide Rutledge. My talent for drawing, I leave to anyone who can excel me. The privilege of walking to school with my sister, I give to Salem Pohlmann.

I, Josie Cassani, do leave to Georgia Wolfe, my dimples. To all grouches I leave my happy nature.

I, Mary Coleman, do solemnly bequeath my old-maidenish ways to May Hodgson, and my habit of being such a terrible flirt, I leave to Elaine Norton, hoping to aid her materially in the captivation of the opposite sex.

Knowing that my days are numbered, and also that Gertrude Lee wishes to increase her weight, I, Gladys Combs, do leave to her my abundance of flesh, and my pleasant manners to Mr. Steele, asking him to smile once in a while.

I, Stirling Coulter, leave my graceful gestures to Bill Morrow, as I believe it will improve him. To Lloyd Wilkinson, I leave by red tie, as it matches his hair.

I, Tillie de Bernardi, do, on this grave occasion, leave my low-neck dresses to Olive Wright, hoping she may take advantage of this and cut hers accordingly. My little beady eyes I leave to Dorothy Condo.

I, Allison Dickson, leave my auburn hair to Ruth Hill, on account of its similarity to hers. My gentle manners, I leave to Irene Campbell, hoping she will make use of them. The fear with which Mr. Steele inspires me, I bequeath to Helen Geary, so that she may act more docile in his classes.

With great sorrow, I, Ruth Dickson, leave my brilliancy in history to Lawrence Chapman, to increase his brilliancy. My beautiful gait and short step, I leave to Alice Koford.

I, Barbara Dows, growing pale at the approach of my numbered days, do leave to Miss O'Meara, my nature paint, hoping that she will distribute it among the girls of the study hall. My beauty I leave to Merle Goodfellow.

With great reluctance, I, Helen Fraser, do leave my fondness for posing before the boys, and my graceful walk, to Florence Cummings, so that she may impress them as much as I do. My quiet style of dress I leave to Margaret Hatch, but I refuse to give my interest in Chop Roberts to anyone.

I, Vera French, leave my boisterous manners to any Freshman who is afraid to make a noise. I leave my hair to anyone who greatly desires it.

I, Gladys Gilman, do leave to Helen Geary, that longed-for wish—the cleft in my chin. My wonderful complexion, I leave to Clara King.

I, Georgenia Hall, bequeath my fondness for English to Clara Churchill, together with my old gray sweater.

I, Ethel Helman, on this frivolous occasion, do leave to Dorothy Percy my loud and boisterous manner. To Dale Wetzler I leave my stand-in with the faculty.

I, Dagny Juell, do leave to all remaining pupils, that pleasant manner which means so much to all High School students. Please use my smiles as I have done, and you will make your friends happy.

I, Elsie Keller, do give my noisy manner to Norman McPeak, so he will not be so quiet. To Dorothy Clark, I leave my ability to make dates with the other sex, as I believe that she will appreciate it. My fondness for "ragging" I leave to Alice Koford.

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I, Crystal Lambert, do bequeath my beautiful black eyes to Agnes Vaught, and my ability to extract "E's" from Miss O'Meara, I leave to Enid Harris.

On this joyful occasion, I, Beryl LeBaron, do leave my fondness for fighting and making-up with my sweetheart, to Grace Smith. My classy "ragging" I leave to Warren Brown.

Reluctantly, I, Violet Lockhart, give my good opinion of myself to Stuart Rogert, as I believe he lacks that ability. My extra supply of "E's" I leave to Donald Percy, together with my reputation as an Algebra "shark."

I, Mary Matthews, leave to Mr. Allen my erect carriage. Perhaps this will help him to keep his "Senior Sombrero" at the precise angle of 45 degrees.

On this most solemn occasion, I, Arthur Meese, alias Lathrop Page, do leave to Chauncey Peterson, my forward manner. To him I also leave my seat in American History, with the sincere wish that he sees no visions.

I, Esther Miller, do bequeath my curly hair to whoever wishes it. My tom-boy manner I leave to my beloved little sister.

I, Roy Mills, do bequeath my soft voice to Albert Entzminger, and my stand-in with Ruth Dickson I give to Fred Adams, and also my ability as an actor.

I, Anita Nathanson, do most solemnly state my last will and testament. To "Skinny Pool" I leave my stand-in with Miss Wirt, while to Douglas Cameron, I leave my quiet manner, to be exercised the third period.

I, Lester Nathanson, knowing my days are numbered, do leave to Edward Koford all the flesh necessary to make him a second Ralph Rose. He may also wear my grin for the rest of his High School course. I am sure that it will last that long.

Knowing the end to be near, I, Ernestine Pedrotti, do leave to Elvira Pollini my old, red sweater, for hers may wear out soon now.

I, Mabel Rayner, do leave my tall stature to Nora Fees, and my mouse-like gait to Irene Campbell, praying that she will replace her own with it.

I, Chop Roberts, give my bashful manner to Gwen Overton. My fondness for lawsuits and horses, I give to whoever has any trouble with either.

I, Archie Hewitt, bequeath my graceful walk to Leslie Crane, and my rosy cheeks to Freyman Coleman, as he is much too pale.

I, Emily Rued, bequeath my fear of the faculty to those Freshmen who are now over their first scare of the teachers. My outspoken manner I leave to Clifford Merritt.

All United States History Pupils will fully appreciate my gift, for I, Eunice Silvia, do leave to those pupils every note-book I once used myself.

I, Dorothy Smith, do leave to Irene Campbell my curls, so that she may refrain from "fuzzing" her hair in front of the basement windows. I leave my beautiful hands to Esther Yeager to aid her in typewriting.

I, the orator, the crack runner, the English shark, the right-hand friend of handsome, howling Judge Anderson, the editor of The Echo—in a word—I, handsome Raegan Talbot, do leave to Zelma Carithers, my number nine ties, which she may have stretched to fit her. My good opinion of myself I leave to Jesse Lingenfelter. I shall take with me my valued treasure—my walk.

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I, Mary Thompson, do leave to Ada Strawn, my terrible case of Mr. Martin, hoping he may persuade her to write for him, and pick up all papers he sees fit to drop.

I, Charlotte Van Wormer, do leave to Hugh Watson, my stride. My manner of frowning, I also leave to Hugh—it gives him such a distinguished air.

I, Abbie Wilkinson, leave my soft voice to whoever sits in the front seat in History XII, so that those in the back seats may be sure to fail. My reputation as an invincible flirt, I give to my sister.

I, timid Francis Wilson, quaking at the approach of the end, do leave to Guy Chapman, my pipeing voice with a request that he stand in Mr. Martin's room to announce all fires in the building, so that frightened pupils may leave the class-room.

I, Ruth Wright, give my bright eyes and curly hair to Lawrence Chapman, asking him not to use them to break the hearts of any of my girl friends. My habit of always being late, I leave to Grace Smith and Helen Cochrane, so that they may get to school early.

I, Mildred Wadsworth, do leave to Ruth Hill my beautiful eyes, knowing that they will go well with her hair. My winning smile, I leave to whoever can put it to as good use as I have done. My sympathy for sick people I leave to Miss O'Meara, hoping she may make better use of it than she does of her own.

We, the class of June, '13, appoint Mr. Montgomery our sole executor of this, our last will and testament.

Mary Coleman.

Mildred Wadsworth.



Class of June, 1913--Just As It Is

By Dagny Juell, Ruth Dickson and Hazel Devoto

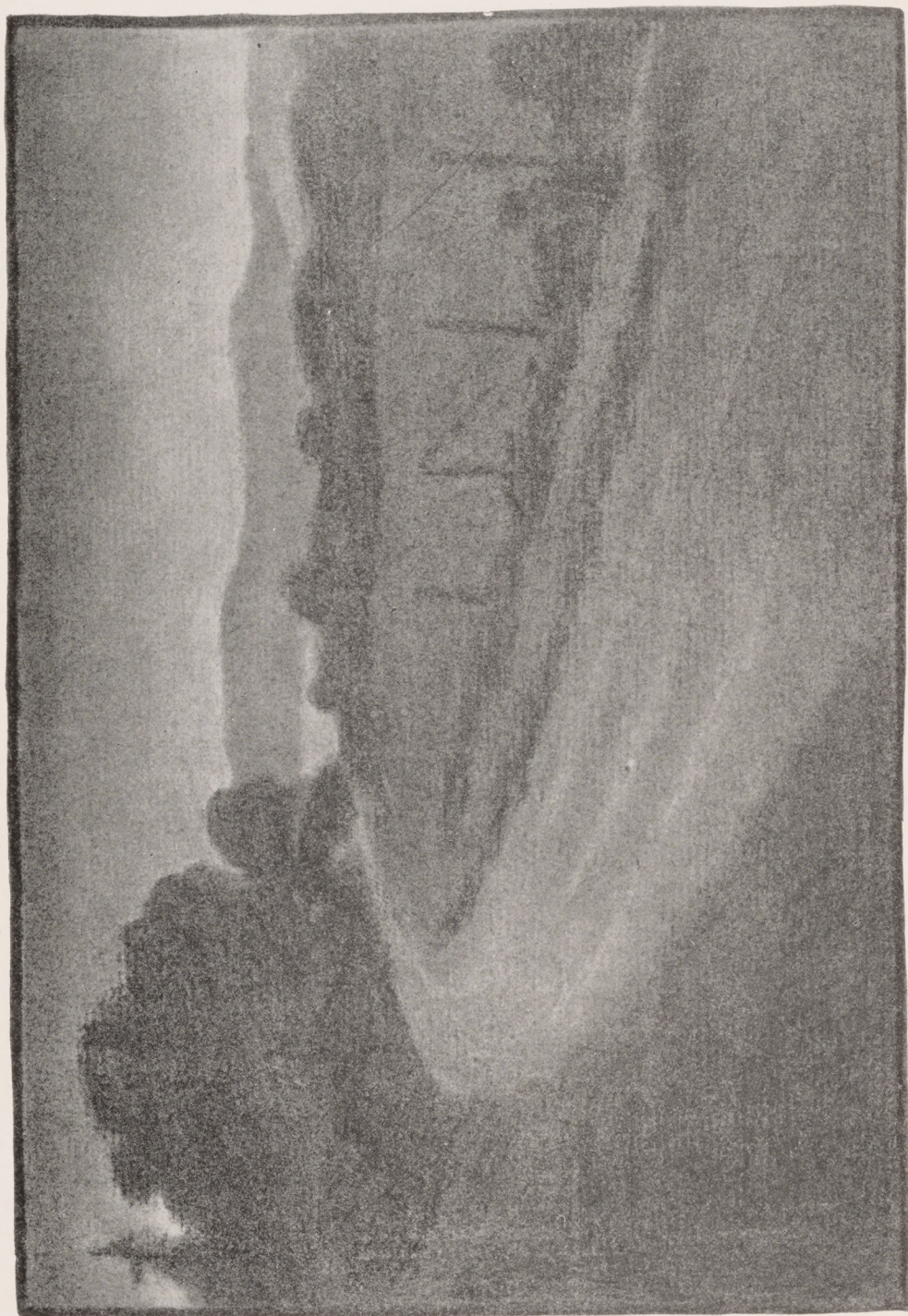
Victim	Nickname	As Others See 'em	Redeeming Feature	Occupation	Hobby	Favorite Expression	Ambition	Destiny
Mae Andrews	Andy	Lively	Voice	Cramming	Chemistry	Well, Gee Whiz!	To look cute	Hard to tell
Frances Ahl	Babe	Shy	Walk	Following Miss O'Meara's rules for good English	Reciting	My Conscience!	To be Speaker of the House	Second Mrs. Pankhurst
Clarendon Anderson	Judge	Legal	Complexion	Toiling to get P'd in English	Girls	Now, look ahere!	To be supervising principal over the H.S. faculty	Supreme Judge
Lena Baum	Balmy	Bold and Boisterous	Angelic	Cutting (?)	Talking	Oh Goodness!	To be chorus girl	Matrimony
Aliede Birek	Billy	Modest	The makeup	Acting cute	Drawing	Makes it good, don't it?	To find a man	School teacher
Gladys Bagley	Jeff	Learned	Sweet voice	Following Mutt	Civics	We should worry!	Missionary	Chorus Girl
Gladys Combs	Mutt	Avoidrupois	Dainty ways	Leading Jeff	English VII.	You know it!	Missionary	Chorus Girl
Stirling Coulter	Sally	Feminine	Dainty walk	Pleasing the faculty	Queening	Oh Glory!	To be an M. D.	Dry goods clerk
Gladys Carithers	Glad	Slender	Dress	Rolling	English	By Golly!	To get thin	Thin
Mary Coleman	Mazie	Serene	Musical voice	Appearing angelic	Physics	Gee Whiz!	To get married	An old maid
Josie Cassani	Jo	Meek	Chin	Typewriting	Looking wise	Actually!	To be hairdresser	Stenographer
Tillie Bernardi	Till	Small	That smile	Primping	Latin	Oh now, listen, girlie!	To go to college	Prima Donna
Allison Dickson	Brick	Dignified	That hair	Making a racket	Basketball	For love of Pete, be reasonable!	To teach Bennett Valley school	Housekeeping on a farm
Ruth Dickson	Rut	Tall	Those eyes	Chewing the rag	Bluffing	Say, fellows!	To teach Civics	Architectural designer
Hazel Devoto	Haze	Lengthy	Collure	Appearing attentive	Primping	My stars!	To be a nurse	Ballet dancer
Gladys Gilman	Gander	Quite a Lady	Curly hair and dimpled chin	Raising bantams	Fishing for trades	Is that right?	To be Red Cross nurse	Marry and live on a ranch
Dagny Juell	Wizard	Kind & Studious	Gold-tinted hair	Studying	Pestering her fellow students	That's great!	To go to college	An H. S. teacher
Roy Mills	Gink	Shy & Handsome	Rosy cheeks and blue eyes	Training animals	Singing in school	I can't help that	To be a civil engineer	Marry for money and live like a prince
Ethel Helman	Hon	Reserved and Sympathetic	High-g geared laugh	Dreaming of ideals	Pitch stray baseballs to H. S. boys	Oh my!	To teach school	A sufragette
Crystal Lambert	Crick	Silent and Observing	Coquettish smile	Dressing hair	Smiling at the boys	Goodnight!	Go through normal laundry	Running French
Arthur Meese	Sleepy	Conceited but as good as gold	Graceful carriage	Keeping his hair out of his eyes	To star in History	Oh Mama!	Be a matinee idol	All-American hurdler
Beryl LeBaron	Billy	Cute and Jolly	Captivating smiles	Trying to be heard across the study hall	Cutting school	Really!	To become a noted actress	Leading lady at the Rose
Helen Fraser	Atlanta	Most charming and dignified	Unique walk	Keeping her admirers guessing	Making excuses	Good lord, Clara!	To be an opera singer	Chorus girl at the Orpheum

Class of June, 1913--Just As It Is

By Dagny Juell, Ruth Dickson and Hazel Devoto

Victim	Nickname	As Others See 'em	Redeeming Feature	Occupation	Hobby	Favorite Expression	Ambition	Destiny
Viola Lockhart	Bill	A Birdwoman	Height	Worrying about her marks	English	Oh, come on!	To be an elocutionist	Circus rider
Vera French	V.	Meek as a kitten	Grecian profile	Helping unfortunates	To find a joke	Who said so?	To be a bird-woman	Tight-rope walker
Barbara Dows	Bob	Big and happy	Dreamy eyes	Queening	Sleeping in school	(?) (?) (?)	A professional rag-time player	Milkmaid on a dairy farm
Esther Miller	Dusty	Slow but sure	That grin	Racing for the train	German	Green pea!	To be a society lady	Postmistress of Fulton
Mary Matthews	Bud	Dainty	Giant strength	Driving	Wearing brilliant ribbons	Why should I worry?	To be an artist	A butcheress
Elsie Keller	Pat	Too active	Lily complexion	Walking the streets	Manicuring nails in school	What a chance!	To run an ice cream parlor	Head nurse at Napa Home
Georgenia Hall	George	Much too quiet	Curly locks	Staring at the floor	Winking at the boys	Let me die!	To capture a man	Nurse maid in Europe
Anita Nathanson	Nita	Boisterous	Hair	Flirting	Cutting up	Too many to tell	To be a stenographer	Society belle
Lester Nathanson	Doughnuts!	95 lbs.	Smile	Making bread	Queening	Cut it out!	To be a champion athlete	Running a bakery
Ernestine Pedrotti	Ern	Stately	Ear-rings	Going to school	The boys	Oh Gee!	To look cute	Dairy maid
Mabel Rayner	Ray	13 at most	Height	Disturbing the study hall	Making eyes	Say, listen!	To be a sport	Teaching Olivet School
Chas. Roberts	Chop	Timid	Loud voice	Can anyone tell us?	Horse race	Is that straight?	To follow the stage	Sawing boards
Emily Rued	Rude	Shy	Her snicker and smile	Bothering other people	Chemistry	For criminy sakes!	To do nothing	Teacher of Science
Dorothy Smith	Dot	Delicate	Hair	Keeping house	Geometry	Oh kid, listen!	To get fat	A nurse
Eunice Silva	Tut	Thoughtful	Her mincing step	English	Looking wise	Oh Gee!	To graduate with honors	Honor student in U. C.
Mary Thompson	Tom	Puny	Her laugh	Minding the baby	Boys	Oh, Scotty!	Matrimony	Spinster
Raegan Talbot	Talbot	Cute	Voice	Editing The Echo	Avoiding the girls	Listen to me!	To be an orator	Grand opera singer
Charlotte Van Wormer	Charley	Wiggley	Walk	Staying in town	Reciting in English	O my stars!	To graduate	Suffragette leader
Abbie Wilkinson	Doc	Mischievous	Voice	Studying	Talking without permission	For the love of Mike!	To be a chorus girl	Elocutionist
Frances Wilson	Blondy	Coquettish	Her dark hair	Scrapping with Mr. Martin	Being sociable	Goodness gracious!	To own a motor-cycle	Paying fines
Ruth Wright	Rufus	Bold	Eyes	Debating	Being late	Say!	To be President of the United States	Teaching English VII.
Mildred Wadsworth	Toots	Angelic	Expression	Asking questions	Memorizing English	Say, who is that guy?	To pose for an artist	Tending a Vegetable stand in Sebastopol

Literary



When the Family Conscience Went Visiting

Winner of Prize Cup in Literary Contest

By Viola Lockhart



ORAY ! shouted Harold, diving behind the door for his cap and bolting outside, "I'm going fishing after school to-night !" "Ma" had just started on a vacation of undefined length, and Harold was rejoicing in his unwonted freedom to do as he pleased. Then, as a startling thought came to him, he turned, raced back to the door, and burst out, "Say, I can go to school as early as I want this morning, can't I? And I'm going too, right now, to play ball. You girls can bring in the wood," and again he bolted, this time for school.

This declaration of independence reminded Jack that he, too, might go where he pleased now, so with a "By jinks! I'm going to that doings in Joy's barn tonight after all!" he left the table almost as unceremoniously as had his small brother.

When pa came back from the station he racked his mind in vain to remember that long list of instructions which ma had given him to tell the girls, but when he found that he had forgotten every word of the message, he didn't worry a minute. When the girls, wondering in a helpless way what they should cook for dinner, asked him if Ma had left any instructions for them, he straightened his shoulders, usually bent in submission, looked them straight in the eye, instead of letting his weak, watery eyes wander about their feet, and answered, his thin, piping voice taking on depth, "No ! Get what you please for dinner !"

Left thus to their own devices as to what to get for this, their first independent meal, they decided to make some exciting new dishes, from new recipes, for they could use as much sugar, and as many eggs as they wished, since Ma wasn't there to forbid. So, all morning, Helen, covered with a big apron, her sleeves rolled up, and with her nose daubed with flour, mixed tempting concoctions in the bowl, while Grace, school forgotten entirely, reads recipes to her, and watched the oven. In the midst of the engrossing task of making a marble cake, Helen turned around, spreading still farther the daub on her nose with one floury hand, and waving her mixing spoon joyiously with the other, and burst out, "Oh, Grace! isn't it the most fun to cook what you wish just once?"

Some of their culinary attempts didn't cook so quickly as the girls had expected, so dinner was late, but pa and the boys, revelling in the twice sweetened apple sauce, and in the three kinds of cake, besides the pudding, didn't complain, but extolled the praises of their new cooks to the ceiling.

Grace thought that she might as well stay home that afternoon since she had missed her morning's work, so she brought to light a novel which she had been trying for so long to read, and to keep out of Ma's sight at the same time, and buried herself in it, without a qualm over her neglected school work.

When six o'clock came, neither pa nor Jack presented themselves, so

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Helen decided that pa must have stayed down at Banks' for supper. They knew he would stay for a game of checkers afterwards, so they didn't expect him home until bed time. Grace remembered Jack's decision to go to that "spread," so they knew that he, too, would be out until late. They wondered, for a minute, what Ma would say, should she suddenly arrive on the scene, but instead of worrying over their misconduct, they decided to stay up late themselves—to have an orgy of their own.

Harold was easily bribed with promises of lots of candy, to crack nuts, and to pop corn, so a huge platter of glistening popcorn balls, and two plates of candy were soon ready. The girls looked at each other in astonishment at their own daring, as they lit a fire in the fire place in the parlor, that sacred place, opened only on great occasions, and carried their refreshments in there. Here Pa and Jack found them, when they returned together from town. Jack soon sprawled himself on the floor beside Harold, where he, too, feasted on popcorn balls. This scene reminded Pa of a time when he was a boy, and a lot of neighbor children had—and soon he was telling tales of ghosts and goblins, with Harold listening wide-eyed, until the youngster fell asleep on the floor.

Fortunate it was that the next day wasn't a school day, for Jack, the first one to awaken, didn't get the fire lit until nine o'clock. Dinner was late, too, because Helen had more new recipes to try. Pa and Harold both forgot to blacken their shoes that night, but it made them only a little late for church to do it Sunday morning, so their forgetfulness didn't matter, so long as Ma didn't know about it. But Pa and Harold were the only faithful ones of the family—the only ones who went to church, for even Helen, who taught a Sunday school class, joined Jack and Grace on the front porch with a book.

Oh, what a care-free life the family led all week—late for every appointment, every meal late, but with enough sweet dishes, when it appeared, to satisfy any one's sweet tooth; late hours every night; but never a qualm or a scruple from any one. They had stopped wondering about the how, when, where, or why, of Ma's suddenly planned vacation, and had abandoned themselves wholly to the pleasure of doing as they pleased. They did all the naughty things which they had longed to do for ages, and enjoyed, through it all, that delightful sense of doing something "awfully wicked."

Pa had all his old cronies over to sit around the fire place with him to spin yarns, so the parlor, once so clean and in the strictest order, became strewn with ashes, with newspapers, and even with pieces of cake and kernels of popcorn. Even Pa and Harold stayed home from church the next Sunday, to join the group on the porch—Pa with his paper and Harold with a heap of funny pages.

At nearly every meal, something reminded Pa, to Harold's joy, to tell one of his yarns, and oh! what wonderful ones he could tell. When he didn't see Ma's sneering look and hear her, "Huh! You didn't tell it that way last time we heard it." On Wednesday morning he was telling an especially thrilling tale—one in which he (he was the hero of all his yarns) had played an especially brave part. Harold was listening in open mouthed

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admiration of his father's courage, and even Jack had forgotten to look bored and was wrapt in the story. Grace and Helen were poring over the cook book trying to decide what to do with all the cold chicken left over from Jack's spread of the night before—when—the door opened—an in walked Ma.

While the family stared at her in amazement, Pa thought, "Oh, those chickens ! Here its half past eight and they aren't fed yet !" Jack gasped, when he thought of the lawn, which he had honestly meant to cut last Saturday, before he went to the field day. Harold gave one look at the wood box, yawning empty, and bolted toward the wood shed. Helen stuffed the cook book in the nearest drawer, and looked at Grace in dismay when she saw the stockings from the last two washings, still unmended.

Her hat and coat off, Ma donned a big apron. "Girls! haven't you washed the dishes yet ? What have you been doing ? Hurry up now ! Pa, have you fed the chickens yet ?" But Pa was already going toward the barn. "Jack ! that lawn looks as if it hasn't been touched since I left. Go and see what you can do with it before school." And Jack went, muttering that he would have done it on his own accord if she'd kept still.

"Now girls you get this kitchen cleaned up as fast as you can ! I'd like to know what time you got up this morning, anyway ! The only way to accomplish anything is to get up early in the morning and to go at it while——" The family conscience had come back.

A Letter

M. Hatch

Palo Alto, California, May —, 1912.

My Dear Katherine:

For the last week, I have been visiting friends in Palo Alto, and having a delightful time. It is commencement week at Stanford University, so all sorts of festivities are being held on the campus in honor of the departing seniors.

So far, we have attended all of the events that we possibly could: The senior-faculty baseball game, where the senior baseball nine arrayed themselves in ridiculous costumes; the evening circus on the campus, where, on the main street, lighted with scores of bright-colored Japanese lanterns, each Frat and Sorority house offered an alluring side show; and the class day exercises at the college. However, the event that I have most enjoyed was the Junior Promenade, given in honor of the Seniors at the Memorial Court, so-called because it contains a statue in memoriam to the Stanfords, the founders of the university.

The open court is enclosed by the stone walls of the college buildings. It is rectangular in shape, and, on three sides, is bounded by the broad, open corridors, which surround the exterior of all of the buildings of the university, the outside of the corridors being lined by a row of arches, upheld by heavy Ionic pillars. The main entrance, at one end, is composed of three

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separate arches, opening onto a broad, cement walk outside. Within the court, a smooth, green lawn is surrounded on all sides by a narrow, cement walk, while walks crossing the lawn, from opposite corners of the court, meet in the center, where, upon a granite pedestal, raised upon a low, circular stone base, about fifteen feet in diameter, is erected the memorial statue of the Stanfords; a group of three, Leland Stanford, Sr., Mrs. Stanford, founder of the university, and their son, Leland Stanford, Jr., in memoriam of whom the university was founded.

Early on a moonlight evening, a merry party of us took a car from Palo Alto (commonly called "Pally" by the students) to the campus. A few minutes later, as we walked among a crowd of people, up the broad avenue, lined with palms, leading to the college, it had grown quite dark. Suddenly, as we gazed through the main entrance to the Memorial Court, a lovely scene met our eyes. Strings of red Japanese lanterns hung overhead, from opposite corners of the court, effusing a soft, crimson light over the entire enclosure; above, the summer sky, alight with stars, formed the only roof, and, as strains of sweet Hawaiian music wafted from the native instruments of an Hawaiian band on the lawn, it seemed certainly to be an ideal place for the event of the Promenade.

Already, people were strolling leisurely about the beautiful court, and now crowds came pouring in through the entrance, and mingled in the corridors. A few chairs were placed about the edge of the lawn, but very few availed themselves of the opportunity to sit down, nearly all preferring to join in the promenade, visiting with the friends whom they might chance to meet, and listening to the soft, sweet music of the Hawaiian band. Laughter, jests and gay conversation could be heard on all sides, everybody appearing to be enjoying the occasion.

An additional attraction to the promenaders was the booths, in each corner of the court, prepared by the different Sororities, where refreshments were served free of charge. Very alluring they were, decorated with tall bunches of bamboo, plants and flowers, and furnished with chairs, couches, and light-colored rugs, and the sorority girls who acted as hostesses for the evening were kept exceedingly busy. I hesitate to relate all of the refreshments of which I partook in that single evening. Before leaving, our party inspected every booth, and, once within, it was difficult to refuse the tempting "eats" offered by the hospitable hostesses. Blushingly I submit, in order, the entire list: First booth, salad and salted crackers; second booth, punch and cookies; third booth, more punch; fourth booth, coffee and sandwiches (minus the coffee for me); fifth and final booth, a heaping dish of strawberry ice cream.

Until a late hour, our party mingled among the promenaders, or listened to the sweet-voiced Hawaiian soloists, who sang their native songs, with the soft accompaniment of the stringed instruments of the band. Finally, with one last look at the festive scene, we hurried to the station, arriving there just in time to catch a car to "Pally," after having spent a delightful evening, one which I shall not forget for a long time.

We have invitations to attend the commencement exercises on Monday, so, in my next letter I shall be able to tell you something of that. Affectionately yours,

Jeanette.

A Trip To Honolulu



ON A lovely day in the early part of June our party stood on the deck of the "Manchuria," as it steamed through the Golden Gate, bound for Honolulu. After the pilot had left, and the Farallones had been passed, we felt that we were really started at last.

We spent the afternoon in exploring the ship's quarters, but we spent the next morning in bed, and went without breakfast. The reason for this is easily guessed. However, I recovered early, and went forth to see how many, or how few, of the other passengers were able to be on deck.

The days passed pleasantly. One makes friends readily on a sea-voyage, and our fellow travellers were jolly and good-natured. We were fortunate in having several Hawaiians on board, who entertained us very agreeably with their singing and playing. I can think of nothing that has ever seemed to me so peaceful and lovely as those moonlight evenings which we spent quietly walking up and down the deck, or lying dreamily in our steamer chairs, listening to the deep, musical voices of those Hawaiians, singing their own rich sensuous tunes. I believe it would be difficult for anyone with the least vestige of romance in his soul, to remain unmoved under such a spell.

When we were still a two days' journey from our destination, word was passed along that we should soon see the flying fish. No one in our group had ever seen them before, nor knew what was their appearance. We were standing by the rail, when a young man said: "There! I just saw one on the horizon!" About ten minutes later we saw, by the ship's bow, a little fish, six or eight inches long, flying, or rather leaping, from the crest of one wave to that of another. It is needless to say that the young man I have mentioned was not permitted to forget his previous remark.

Diamond Head at last came into view, and then the wharves of Honolulu. The scene was indeed a new and novel one to us. On each side of the long wharf, at which the ship anchored, were the fleshy Hawaiian women selling leis of flowers and of beads. Of course we were all decorated with them.

We took rooms at a hotel, and then went sight-seeing. The streets are rather narrow, and the buildings not very tall, but otherwise they appear the same as the streets of our cities. We were amazed at the number of Chinese and Japanese we saw. They own the large majority of the stores, and outnumber every other race on the islands.

Of course we saw many Hawaiians, white men and Portuguese. The distinguishing feature of the Hawaiians, particularly the women, is their great amount of avoirdupois. I have never seen so many extremely fat women as I saw in Honolulu. The young girls are merely plump, and sometimes rather pretty.

One of the most interesting places which we visited was Waikiki. This is one of the best swimming beaches in the world. It is a concave beach,

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protected by a wall of coral pretty far out at sea, so that the water inside, while it has waves and swells of the ocean, has not the high breakers, nor the dangerous undertow, which unprotected beaches have. It is only four miles from Honolulu, and the two places are connected by a splendid, wide, modern avenue, with large gardens of tropical ferns and plants bordering either side.

One of the most interesting trips which we made, was over the Nuanuu Pali. The road leading to the pali winds gradually up the southern side of of the mountain. The view from this road is magnificent. There are continual showers during the morning, so that the rainbows are numerous. The colors of these rainbows are very bright, and well marked. I remember that one immense bow seemed to spring right out of the chimney of a little cottage nestling in the valley, and to fade into nothingness high up in the sky.

When we reached the highest part of the road, the top of the pali, we turned around and behind the entire southern part of the island, with the sun glinting on the ocean waves in the distance. Then the road turned sharply, so we followed it for about a dozen steps, when we beheld the northern half of the island, and also the ocean. From this point the road descends with exceedingly sharp turns, and many of them. It took the greatest skill on the part of the driver to drive the horses around these turns, and we held our breath, fearing every moment that we should "turn turtle."

This road, at the highest point, is between two mountain peaks, the distance between the two, at the point where the road is cut through, being very narrow. This condition causes an unusually strong wind at this point, so that on very windy days, the horses can scarcely hold their ground against it, while pedestrians have to crawl past the precipice on their hands and knees. It was over this precipice that Kamehameha the First drove the last of his enemies, and made himself king over the entire island. The pali is an absolutely unbroken drop of many hundred feet.

Among other interesting places, we visited the Orphanage, Diamond Head, Punch Bowl, the Aquarium, and the Museum. At the Museum, among other things, we saw all the relics of the ancient Hawaiians, while the Aquarium contained many strange kinds of fish, many of them beautifully colored. On our trips to the surrounding country, we saw large rice and taro fields, sugar plantations, and pineapple fields. The pineapples are much juicier and sweeter than those we purchase in the United States. From the taro is made poi, the native Hawaiian dish. The natives eat this dish with their fingers. I was not favorably impressed with its appearance, so did not summon sufficient courage to try it.

Among the fruits which we enjoyed were the mango and the papia, which were delicious. One cannot eat the former without getting his face disagreeably sticky. Therefore the fastidious avoid them.

It was with real regret that we left Honolulu, for it was the loveliest place we had ever seen, but as soon as Diamond Head had faded from our sight in the blue haze of the horizon, we began to eagerly watch for the shores of our own United States.

M. Coleman.

Some Notes on the History of Railroads in the United States

By Archie Hewitt



THE HISTORY of the development of the railroad is a long and interesting one. Many of the pioneers of this great industry were tried and convicted for insanity.

In the year 1827 the pioneer railroad company of America was launched. This railroad, known as the Baltimore and Ohio, was built by the citizens of Baltimore. Later the Erie, Reading, and New York Central sprang up, gradually absorbing smaller companies. So that they are now the largest lines in the east. The building of the Pacific lines began almost in 1857, and now some of the largest lines of America are in the West. Lines now extend from ocean to ocean and from the Gulf to Canada, cementing the United States with thousands and thousands of miles of tracking.

As there has been a great increase in mileage of railroads, so there has been great development in the maintainance and regulation of this industry. There has been great improvement in speed, comfort and safety. Trains now run as fast as eighty miles an hour, and the cushion cars of today are a great improvement over the old coach and wooden seated cars which were used as late as 1870. We also have dining cars, Pullman cars, observation cars and parlor cars, practically unknown forty years ago. The block signal system, the use of the telegraph for dispatching trains, and the many safety appliances, as the air-brake, the sand-box, and the bell cord tend to make railroad travel as safe as possible. Many of these were adopted only by chance, and a few of these incidents may be cited:

During the time railroading was in its infancy, the engineer was thought to be but an ordinary working man with nothing to do but collect tickets. The New York Central hired many German engineers, who were overbearing and insolent to the men under them. When the Erie was built they sought to copy the New York Central as much as possible, and also hired German engineers. A conductor, whose name was McGrady, thought there should be some co-operation between the conductor and the engineer, and that a code of signals should be used. He fixed a bell cord and told Hamel, the engineer, of his plan, but Hamel, who regarded McGrady as his inferior, only sneered at him. The next day Hamel cut the cord, and when they come to the first station, McGrady pulled the cord but found it would not work. On examination the cord was found to have been cut. McGrady suspected Hamel, and told him he would thrash him if the cord was cut again. At this Hamel only laughed. At the next station, McGrady went up and dragged Hammel from his cab. Then a fierce battle ensued. McGrady was a good boxer, large, strong and skillful, but Hamel proved equal to the occasion, and fought with the dogged tenacity of his race. They battled furiously for almost an hour, but McGrady's superior skill finally won for him. The

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bell cord was adopted on the Erie trains and the conductor became head of the train.

One time on the New York Central line the trains were delayed for quite a while, and passengers began to make threats to sue the company. As time dragged on, they grew more furious, and would likely have mobbed the train crew, only for Dr. McCartor, a minister of New York City, who made an eloquent speech which pacified them. The conductor would not collect the minister's fare, and later the company began to let ministers ride free of charge. This was then adopted by all the roads, and later a half fare was agreed on.

The stories connected with the development of railroads are very numerous, and of the development of the railroads in the West one of blood curdling scenes. At Dodge City men were lynched and shot every day.

As most of us know, one of the great railroad men of California was Ted S. Judah, director of the Central Pacific Railroad of California, running between Sacramento and Marysville. The company was heavily involved, and as they wanted to build the line to San Francisco, they sent Judah to Washington, D. C., to get a grant from the government and to interest Eastern capital. Judah failed to raise any money, but while in the east got interested in the Pacific railroad.

When he arrived in Sacramento, he went down to the little hardware store of Hopkins & Huntington, who were both friends of his. He got them interested in the Pacific railroad, and in this store later on the Central Pacific Company was reorganized and new directors elected. Huntington was made Vice President, but he was in reality president of the company, and a man of determination, who was not to be daunted. In 1861 Huntington broke the first ground for this tremendous undertaking, with but \$125,000 capital as a backing, and in 1869 the Central Pacific joined the Union Pacific at Ogden amid band playing, and cheers of many thousands of people. When the last spike was being driven the news was telegraphed the world over. This was the greatest railroad company in the west.

There is now over 290,000 miles of railroad in the United States, not including side tracking. The latest development in railroading is the electric car, invented by Van Deiopele, 1880. In one year, 1881, it supplanted 30,000 horses, and this has been so rapid that in the United States and Canada today the horse car is a curiosity.

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A Peaceful Vacation

Mildred Thompson



H, I say, girls, but I am tired!" exclaimed Grace Williams, coming into room 8, and flinging herself into a chair, "that last Latin exam. just about finished me."

"Me, too," sleepily answered Elsie Decker, from the window seat. "My! but won't I be glad when vacation comes. Just think, only one more week or this awful cramming, then the easy life for me. I have been thinking, Grace, that we girls might stay together part of this vacation, and just have a quiet, peaceful time out in some woods, where we can be lazy with nothing to disturb us."

"Good idea, but here comes the others; let's get their opinion on the subject."

As Grace spoke, the door opened and several girls came in, each making some complaint about exams. When they heard of Elsie's plan, they became enthusiastic, and forgetting their troubles, began to plan for a long, peaceful vacation.

It was surprising how many things the girls found it necessary to take. At every consultation, someone would suggest new ideas, until Elsie exclaimed in despair, "For goodness sake, girls, don't think of anything more or we will have to take a circus tent! Marian, I see that you are fairly bubbling over with suggestions, but please keep the mto yourself."

"I have just thought of something most necessary, and that is chaperon," calmly answered Marian.

"Oh Gracious! yes. I had forgotten about that. Where shall we get one?" anxiously asked Grace.

"I think I can supply that," said Louise, "I have an aunt whose specialty is chaperoning; I will telephone her tonight, she will be delighted I know."

After a great deal of work, the seven girls, with Miss Eliza Hazlitt as chaperon, set out for the woods. During the long, hot ride on the cars, the girls tried to look cheerful and happy, consoling themselves, for their present discomfort, by the prospect before them.

About four o'clock in the afternoon, they got off at a little station, deserted, except for a tall, lanky man with a rickety wagon drawn by a lame horse.

Could you take us up and our baggage to our camping place, about three miles from here?" asked Elsie.

"Well," returned the man, with exasperating slowness, "I could take one or the other, I guess, but if I carry your baggage, you must walk; this wagon won't hold all."

Seeing that it was the only way, the girls helped the man load up, and then started to follow him on foot. The three-mile walk lengthened into a six-mile one by the time they reached the spot where they intended to pitch their tent. The sight of the delightful camping ground cheered the weary

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girls. They forgot their long walk and began to take the things from the wagon, then to set up the tent. Their troubles began when they tried to get supper.

"Oh, dear," said Marian, as match after match went out, "why didn't we get that man to start the fire? If this happens very often our matches won't last two days."

"Here, let me try," and after wasting a dozen matches, Grace finally succeeded in lighting the fire. Miss Hazlett then undertook to make the coffee, while the girls set a picnic supper on the ground.

"My, but I could eat our math. prof., dry as he is, I am so hungry," exclaimed Elsie, energetically attacking a can of sardines. Her first exclamation of satisfaction was changed suddenly to one of horror and disgust.

"Ugh! Ugh!" she cried, flinging the sardines into the nearby stream, "there were two big spiders sitting in that can. Spiders! Ugh! I might have eaten them." The excitement caused by the opening of the sardine can, abated somewhat, and the meal was progressing rapidly when, with a loud scream, Miss Hazlett fainted. "Oh, now what do you suppose Aunt Eliza has seen?" wailed Louise, absent-mindedly dashing her cup of coffee into her aunt's face. Her question was answered by Miss Hazlett herself, suddenly reviving, telling with incoherent speech of a snake, fully three feet long, that had glided past her. At the first mention of the word snake, one of the girls sprang upon a box, slowly revolving, with her eyes glancing wildly about. Two more girls had hysterics, while some of the bolder ones set out to look for the cause of the alarm, at last finding a tiny grass-snake near the edge of the stream.

Supper progressed without any further excitement. When it was over, the girls, feeling that the peaceful time they had anticipated was yet in the future, prepared for a good night's rest. But towards morning a violent gust of wind, followed by a heavy downpour of rain, woke them from a sound sleep. As they listened, terrified, a heavy blast shook the tent, causing it to flap open at the ends, and then collapse on top of them. With wild shrieks, the girls extricated themselves and their chaperon from the flapping canvas and prepared to take shelter in a cave they had noticed in the bank of the stream.

Fortunately, the storm ceased as suddenly as it had begun, and as it was nearly morning, the seekers after rest, decided to stave up and put things to rights again. After a refreshing breakfast, the girls, in greater spirits, decided to go exploring. Elsie Decker and Grace Williams, separating from the rest, endeavored to find a bridge by which they could cross the stream. Near the camp, where the stream was narrow and shallow, they found that a large log had been laid across, forming an excellent foot-bridge. After having a series of exciting adventures on the opposite side, such as seeing a cow, climbing a barbed-wire fence, and encountering two lizards, they returned to camp, where they found the others, who had all had similar experiences.

"Oh, say, girls," called Elsie, "there is a fine place to eat up here. We can all sit in a row on that log, and eat the sandwiches, the cake and things. It will be such fun. Come on." Ignoring the protests of Miss Hazlett, the

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girls ranged themselves on the log, and prepared to have a merry lunch. Suddenly, with a loud snap, the log, decayed from age, broke in the middle, precipitating girls, chaperon and lunch into the stream, with a loud splash.

"Oh, if I ever get out of this, I will never go camping again!" wailed Aunt Eliza, poking her head out of the water.

"How many are drowned? I would like to get an idea of how many telegrams to send home. Louise, where are you?"

"Here I am, Aunt Eliza," answered Louise, disentangling a cucumber pickle from her long hair. She attempted to climb the slippery bank, only to fall back into the water. Then followed repeated attempts to scale the steep bank, all ending in failure. Since they could not get out by climbing, they tried to wade down to where the banks were less slippery, but the water became so deep they were forced back to the more shallow places.

As they were standing helplessly in the middle of the stream, they heard a slow, drawling voice above them:

"Well, ladies, are you taking a swim? Why don't you go down where there is more water?"

Looking up, the girls saw the lanky man who had hauled their baggage up to the camp, gazing at them with a broad grin on his face.

"Oh, sir," panted Miss Hazlitt, "please get us out of here?"

"Why, how on earth did you get in that hole? Oh, I see," he exclaimed, catching sight of the broken log. Then, he sat down on the bank and laughed till he almost fell in with the mortified girls.

When he had recovered from his burst of laughter, he assisted Miss Hazlitt and her charges from their muddy prison, lit a fire for them, and then went off, chuckling as he did so.

When the girls had exchanged their soaked, muddy clothes for dry ones, and were finishing their interrupted lunch, Lucy Wentworth, breaking the general silence, said, as she slapped a mosquito.

"Elsie Decker, what have you to say for yourself? Stop chasing that ant, and say you are sorry for getting us into this mess. You say it isn't your fault. Well, whose is it? I should like to know? Didn't you suggest that we go camping? Didn't you recommend this den of insects as an ideal camping spot? Didn't you suggest eating our lunch on this old log? For my part, I intend to take my belongings and join my family at Santa Cruz. I hope I shall get some rest there. Give me exams. any day in preference to these mosquitoes."

"Those are exactly my sentiments," announced Louise. "I shall take my aunt and go to Honolulu, as I intended. I make a motion that we disband this camping expedition. All in favor signify by saying 'I.' There was a chorus of assenting votes, which were silenced by Miss Hazlitt, who immediately began to prepare for the next day's departure.

Elsie and Louise volunteered to walk to the station and engage the services of the thin man with the wagon.

At ten o'clock the next morning, seven girls and a chaperon waited for the train at the little station. As the engine came in sight, they solemnly raised their right hands, and with one voice announced, "Never Again!" while the lanky man winked at the station agent,

Bridal Veil Falls

L. Snee



NE OF the first pictures that burst upon one visiting the Yosemite Valley, is a beautiful sheet of water pouring over the high wall, in silver crested waves, that break into spray, which rises like a thin cloud of smoke, and then falls down the side of the mountain, in long, graceful folds, like a bridal veil. The Indians call it Pohono, but to us it is known as Bridal Veil, and its resemblance is very striking.

Almost at the foot of this fall, is a small and beautiful country, known as Pohono Valley. It is very picturesque, and an ideal camping spot. There are other cascades in the valley that are grander and more awe-inspiring than the Bridal Veil, but there are none more beautiful. It cannot be approached in any direction without observing some new combination of beauty. It is one of the places where a person can sit for hours and see a change of scenery every moment of the time. The graceful, wavy sheets of water fall in the gauze like folds of a veil, now expanding, now contracting and always glittering in the sunlight, a thing of magnificent beauty.

The fall is nine hundred feet, and every foot of it can be seen and studied from a dozen different points of view. At the foot, the water surges and boils over immense boulders, until it is lashed into a fury, creating a cloud of spray that can be seen and felt for hundreds of feet.

Aside from the natural beauty of the falls, there is a peculiar attraction, late in the afternoon, in the rainbows which the setting sun paints upon the sparkling water. They are ever changing in form and color, and a more beautiful rainbow cannot be imagined.

The falls do not depend altogether upon the snow. They are fed by a creek which has its source in some large springs. They never dry up, although they get very low at certain times of the year. These falls are said to be very picturesque in the winter, when the icicles feather both sides, and assume all sorts of shapes, which are dazzling in the sunshine.

The Indians are said to have had a secret dread of Pohono. Indeed, the fall was named for an evil spirit, which, according to Indian traditions, was much to be dreaded. They could only be induced to pass the place by the greatest necessity, and even then they hurried past it in terror.

The Seven Rules

Oh to Santa Rosa High School
Is the place you ought to go,
If you have not heard its rule
You surely then should know.

Your chamois, girls, you'll have to leave
At home for future store,
For Miss O'Meara says that she believes
She'll have powdering no more.

Your bracelets in the morning hang
Upon a nail to keep.
For bracelets on your desk will bang,
And thus disturb the meek.

Tie up your rats and switch
Until the week-end comes,
For falseness tends to much bewitch
A heart once cold and dumb.

Your voice should be refined and sweet,
And free from any slang,
For this will make your girls petite—
A favorite of your favorite gang.

Now, boys, you're not too faultless,
For you, too, give the teachers woe
When up the stairs so thoughtlessly
With mirror in hand you go.

Your pompadours are pumped too high,
And greatly do annoy
The fellow with the small blue eye
Whose view you so destroy.

And then you have'nt any notion
Of how a fellow ought to sit,
But sit as though in motion
For an acroatic hit.

Now if these rules seem teasing,
And you don't know what to do,
Just stop and be more pleasing—
Just be a student—do.

—By Ernestine Pedrotte, '13.



THE ECHO is edited and issued the second Wednesday of each month during the school year by the students of the Santa Rosa High School.

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When the month of June has passed, the class of 1913 will exist only in name. We will lose, to a large extent that friendly relation which exists between individuals in our school. Many will continue their courses in the universities, but others will begin the stern battle for existence and for recognition. A few of the best years of our life have vanished, but we will always cherish fond memories of our school days.

If we intend to succeed, we must do our best. We have received a liberal education, which should fit us to enjoy life in a larger and broader way, to appreciate the fact that to give is greater than to receive.

"To thine own self be true." No higher standard can be adopted. If we are always true to ourselves, listening to the spirit of justice that hides within our breast, we will always treat those about us with fairness. It is when we do not listen to this voice that our downfall begins. Then our character is being weakened, for we lose respect for ourselves.

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The world that we are now entering is filled with pitfalls for the weak and the ignorant. Coming in contact with vice and crime should strengthen our manhood and our womanhood. If we had no temptations to overcome there would be no no virtue in being good. Too many of our number every year succumb to temptations, but those who do not yield are the men and hte women who mpeople admire and respect. Men and women of this type are the ones who secure for us those privileges which are so dear to liberty loving people.

What advantages are derived by the counties in providing High Schools for the educating of our rising generation? Why do we come to school for four years studying language, history and mathematics? The fact that we can quote famous passages, or remember dates or work equations is not so much of itself. It shows, of course, that we have devoted time and effort to the subject. These subjects are chosen because they afford the best opportunity of gaining daily routine. To become accustomed to routine work is important for it enables one to concentrate upon some line of special endeavor. One must specialize in order to accomplish the best results. he studying of history and other courses should give one a broader view of the problems that confront us. We should look at the world through more optimistic eyes. We should be better equipped to give our best endeavors in the society in which we have a part.

The class that graduates from our school is not large, but our power to better existing conditions does not depend upon number, but upon character and ability.

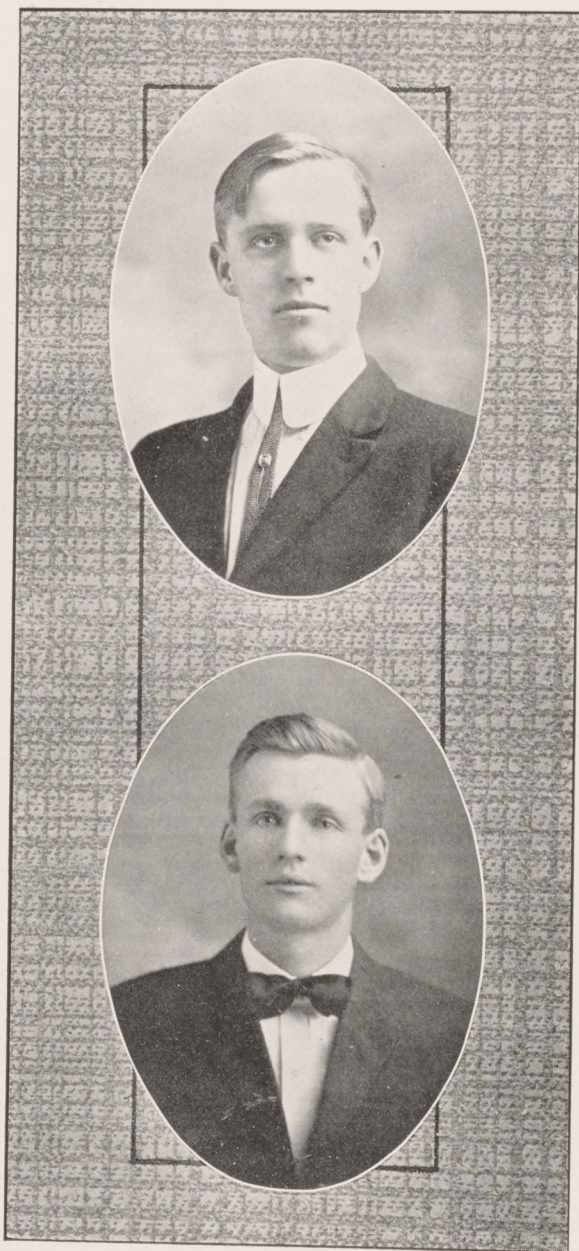
The mission of the Class of 1913 should be the uplifting of conditions with which they come in contact.

Many thanks must be extended to Mrs. Minnie Mills, Supervisor of Music, for help she has rendered us in making our paper a success. We shall always remember the good times we have had under her directions as members of the orchestra.

To the faculty, we give our last farewell in gratitude for the pleasant hours we have spent under their earnest guidance.

To my friend, Lester Smith, manager of the paper, I wish to give my thanks, for whatever degree of success I have attained as editor, for without his able help and assistance, the work would have been arduous and devoid of those pleasant sentiments which I shall always cherish.

The Echo takes this occasion to extend thanks to the Elite Studio and The Press Democrat for the kind favors shown us this year.



Lester Smith
Business Manager

J. Raegen Talbot
Editor-in-Chief



1, Earl Covey; 2, Harry Luce; 3, Stirling Coulter; 4, Lola Boyes; 5, Lawrence Chapman; 6, G. Oka; 7, Frank Spooncer; 8, Mary Coleman; 9, Viola Lockhart; 10, Mildred Wadsworth; 11, Mildred Thompson; 12, Ethel Helman; 13, Roscoe Wallace; 14, Freyman Coleman; 15, Crystal Lambert; 16, Hazel Ramage; 17, Frances Ahl; 18, Shirley Baxter; 19, Chauncey Peterson; 20, Jesse Lingenfelter; 21, John Mitchell; 22, Elaine Norton.



On April 30th, under the direction of Mrs. Mills, "Windmills of Holland" was given. It is an operetta in two acts. The plot is where an American salesman tries to persuade a Dutchman to install up-to-date machinery. It proved a great success, for it was so well liked and so many requests were made to repeat it that Mrs. Mills finally consented to give it over. The various parts were well sustained by the members of the caste. Those who composed the caste were:

Mynheer Hertogenbosch, rich Holland farmer.....**J. Raegen Talbot**
Vrouw Hertogenbosch, his wife.....**Helen Cochran**
Wilhelmina Ruth Hill
Hilda, their daughter Blanche Bernard
Hans, student of music, in love with Wilhelmina.....Sterling Coulter
Franz, rich farmer's son, in love with Hilda.....Charles Hewitt
Katrina, rich farmer's daughter.....Pauline Clark

Chorus—Elizabeth Hendrens, Mildred Thompson, Beryl LeBaron, Elizabeth Talbot, Violet King, Mabel Rayner, Grace Smith, Dorothy Percy, Elsie Badger, Gladys Combs and Frances Fry.

The High School orchestra rendered the pieces in a most creditable manner. Those who played in the orchestra were: Arthur Farnlof and Lester Smith, violins; Miss E. Smith and Marcus Matlock, second violins; Leonard Talbot and Judge Anderson, flutes; Roscoe Wallace, cornet; Raegan Talbot, clarinet; Harry Luce, piano.

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The programs for the past month have been particularly interesting in that they have been greatly varied. This fact is due to the untiring efforts of Mrs. Mills, whose diligent instruction and practical management in arranging the programs brings about such pleasing results.

Friday, April 25—

1. Song, "America" The School
2. Vocal Solos
 - (a) "A Church Yard,"
 - (b) "Out of My Soul's Great Sadness,"
 - (c) "The Rhine, the River of Story,"
 - (d) "Request,"
 - (e) "The Woods,"
 - (f) "The Rose Complained,"
 - (g) "Ah, Believe Me of All Those Endearing Young Charms"..... Paul Clary

May 16th—

1. Duet, Piano and Violin.....Mary Benson and Ernest Neilson
2. Address, "Lives of Gilbert and Sullivan".....Ernest Neilson
3. Vocal Solo, (a) selection from "Mikado"
 (b) "The Lost Chord".....Will C. Grant
4. Clarinet Solo, "Polka d'Brilliant," Palonaise.....Eli Jacobs
Mrs. Mills, piano accompanist

May 23—

1. Piano Solos, (a) "Indian Lodge"
(b) "Scottish Poem" Mildred Turner
 2. Cornet Solos, (a) "Honeysuckle Polka"
(b) "Evening Star" Mr. Blosser
- Leona Nesbit, pianist

On the morning of our first assembly in the new annex, we enjoyed an unusually interesting program. It was as follows:

1. Song, "The Spring Has Come".....Glee Club
Barbara Dows, pianist
2. Reading, "Henry Schlieman" Miss O'Meara
3. Song, "Lovely Night, O, Tender Night".....Girls' Glee Club
4. Address, "The Value of Athletics".....Mr. Steele
5. Vocal Solo, "A Rose" Blanche Bernard
6. Address, "The Use of the New Annex".....Mr. Brownscombe

The Class Play



ELL, Davenport, are they all here? Are you sure Mrs. Page has come? All right, then, we will begin with the first act and go through the entire play. Call the Squire, Lathrop; all right Mrs. Page—begin!" And so the rehearsal proceeds.

Mrs. Page, a widow since the war, is told by Colonel Moberly, an ardent admirer, that the title of her land, left by her husband, is questioned by Raymond Page, her husband's brother, who, knowing the land will raise in value if the railroad, being surveyed across Alabama, crosses her property, wishes to gain possession of it. His mode of procedure is the denial of Mrs. Page's marriage to his brother.

Colonel Moberly, a Southern gentleman, refuses to take the case against Mrs. Page, after hearing the charge brought against her.

There the matter stands, while we are introduced to Mr. Armstrong, a surveyor from the north, who, while a guest at Colonel Preston's falls desperately in love with his granddaughter, Carey, an Alabama blossom. The old gentleman, having been robbed of everything that was dear to him, even his son's love, objects strongly to their alliance.

Because of her grandfather's objections to their marriage, an elopement is planned, which is intercepted by Captain Davenport, who has appeared shortly before as a Northern railroad man, but who is recognized by Decatur, the old servant, and Mrs. Page, as Harry Preston—Carey's father, the disinherited son of the old Colonel, and the former suitor of Mrs. Page. Captain Davenport, who approves the marriage, pursades them to defer their plans, and sends Carey to remain over night with her aunt, Mrs. Page, while he will strive by other means, to overcome her grandfather's objections.

In the meantime, Colonel Preston, learning of the charge brought against Mrs. Page, becomes so enraged that he challenges Raymond Page to a duel; but on account of Colonel Preston's age, Colonel Moberly consents to take his place. Davenport, who always seems to be in the right place at the right time, prevents the meeting by forcing Raymond Page to withdraw his charge, and apologize to Colonel Moberly.

The climax follows quickly, with the disclosure of Davenport's identity to his father, Colonel Preston; and then comes the ending of Cupid's affairs—the consent of Colonel Preston to the union of Carey and Armstrong, the engagements of Colonel Moberly to Mrs. Stockton, a charming young widow, and that of his daughter, Atlanta, to Mrs. Page's son Lathrop, and last but not least, the union of Mrs. Page to her girlhood lover, Captain Davenport.

By the time this is completed the clock has chimed ten. We hear the

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director's voice repeating, "Next rehearsal at seven-thirty, Wednesday evening. All must be here on time." Thus ends the rehearsal.

Cast of Characters

Colonel Preston, an old planter.....Roy Mills
Colonel Moberly, a relic of the Confederacy.....Charles Roberts
Squire Tucker, a Taladega County Justice.....Earl Rogers
Captain Davenport, a Northern railroad man.....Sterling Coulter
Mr. Armstrong, his agent Chester Case
Lathrop Page, a Southern boy.....Arthur Meese
Raymond Page, a party of business.....Clarendon Anderson
Decatur, an ante bellum servant.....Harry Luce
Mrs. Page, a widow who thinks twice.....Gladys Carithers
Mrs. Stockton, another widow Mary Coleman
Carey Preston, an Alabama Blossom.....Beryl LeBaron
Atlanta Moberly, Colonel Moberly's daughter.....Helen Fraser

Prompter—Allison Dickson.

Director—Mrs. Frank Greene.



The Song of Latin IV

With fingers inky and black,
With eyelids bleary and sore,
A Senior sat burning the midnight oil
And grumbled and growled at Latin IV.
Dig, dig, dig,
With brain benumbed and cold;
Dig, dig, dig,
As others have done of old.

Toil, toil, toil,
My labor's never done;
And toil, toil, toil,
'Til the rising of the sun.
An hour of fun would rest my brain,
Some basketball or other game.
But alas! 'tis all in vain,

Toil, toil, toil,
At all this Virgil trash;
And toil, toil, toil,
For the sake of a Latin class.
For oh! it's great to be a grad.,
Along with the rest so wise
Who never toil 'neath the midnight oil,
Nor come to school with heavy eyes.
For I am tied to my books.

With fingers inky and black,
With eyelids bleary and sore,
A Senior sat burning the midnight oil,
And grumbled and growled at Latin IV.
Dig, dig, dig,
In anguish, anger and hate;
He sat and mourned o'er his book
As he sang the song of his fate.



BASE BALL

The base ball team has had a very successful season, winning four games and loosing one. It should have been five victories, had it not been for a little hard luck, and poor support given to Southpaw Argyle. All of the games were full of pep. and fight, but the boys generally pulled through with the long end of the score. The boys hit the ball when hits meant runs, and in two games even took large leads.

Owing to misunderstandings, we had to forfeit the championship game of S. N. S. C. A. L. to Napa. I am sure if the game had been played the boys would have come out of the battle the champions of the league.

S. R. H. S. 12—A. U. H. S. 10

The boys played a good game, and came off the field with this a victory. The score in the second inning stood 8 to 0 against us, but the boys woke up, and made a batting rally that would have put a big league team to shame. The batting of Captain Roberts was one of the features. He got two base hits and two singles, out of four times to the plate. After the infield settled down, they played great ball, not missing a chance.

S. R. H. S. 3—Petaluma 2

This was the hardest fought game of the season. Fry held Petaluma to no runs till the eighth inning, when they scored their two. The feature of the game was a catch of a swift fly to Maroni.

Line up—Roberts, c.; Fry, p.; Powers, 1b.; Argyle, 2b.; Hewitt, ss.; O'Connor, 3b.; Lunger and Peterson, rf.; Watson, cf.; Maroni, lf.

Special mention must be given to coach Allen for his hard work in developing a winning team for S. R. H. S.

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Track



C. Anderson, T. Miller, C. Gore, L. Wilkinson, L. Chapman, J. Russell, C. Merritt, I. D. Steele (coach); A. Meese, C. Hewitt, L. Gnesa, R. Mills, J. R. Talbot, (manager).

N. W. S. L. A. A. L.

The last appearance made by team for the season was at Ukiah, in the N. W. S. A. A. L. The team won second place handily in the meet. The meet was the fastest and the closest one that has been held since the league has been organized. Chapman won the half and the mile; Gore and Mills both came through in fine form.

The team will not be weakened except through the loss of Chester Gore. There is in school lots of latent talent. Chau. Peterson could easily be developed into a fast miler and half miler. He is but one of many that will train next year to bring home to our school victory.

Lawrence Chapman was elected Captain to guide the destinies of team for the next term. Through his careful management we are sure a winning team will be developed. To Mr. Steele, who has coached during the term, we owe much of our success. Between Coach Steele and Captain L. Chapman, we expect the banner of victory to float over S. R. H. S.

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Basketball



Violet King, Annie Mathews, Georgie Wolfe, Alice Koford, Clara Churchill
Minnie Thomas, Mary Mathews, Grace Bradford

On May 2nd, a successful benefit was given for the school fund at which candy, cake and ice cream were sold. In the afternoon, a double game of basketball was played in the annex, between the upper and lower classes. Mary Matthews had been chosen captain of the upper class and Alice Koford captain of the lower class. The invincible Seniors and Juniors were sure of victory, but how true is the saying that pride goeth before a fall.

School was dismissed at the close of the sixth period for the games. Both boys and girls played their halves alternately, the lineup for the girls, teams being as follows: Upper class team—goalers, Mary Matthews, Allison Dickson; centers, Beryl LeBaron, Minnie Thomas, Clara Churchill; guards, Annie Matthews, Georgie Wolfe. Lower class team—goalers, Grace Bradford, Alice Koford; centers, Violet King, Fern Shaffer, Helen Nagle; guards, Adele Frederick, Mildred Thomas. Miss DeLarge refereed, while Miss McDaniels umpired.

ALUMNI



The following graduates of Santa Rosa High School attend the University of California: Donald Geary, Howard Gilkey, Serena Maddux, Carol McIntosh, Grace Dougherty, Dorothy Westrup, Galen Lee, Chas. Clark, Robert Lockhart, Lois Forsyth, Alfred Shelton, Hazel Morehouse, Wallace Ware, Lynn Hart, Ruth Elmore, Charles Thompson, Arthur Lee and Rachael Lee.

Weston Anderson is attending the dental college in San Francisco.

Irma McDonald is teaching in Rincon Valley school.

Eliza Tanner has completed the three years' course preparatory to becoming a trained nurse.

Anna Voss is teaching in Piner district.

Luella Sibbald is training to become a nurse.

Esther Scott is studying at Normal School.

Amelia Thole is completing the course at McMeans' Normal School.

Jesse Peters is the mining superintendent of Brush mine, Redding.

Lena Schopp is nursing near Santa Rosa.

Ben Drake, Vernon King, and Earl Wooley are studying at Stanford.

Beulah Miller is teaching at Hilton.

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DEBATING

The debating work of the year is now drawing to a close, after several interesting contests.

At the beginning of the fall semester a try-out for the team was held. Those victorious were Frances Ahl, Douglas Cameron and Grace Titus.

On November 22, our team defeated the Analy Union Team on the Panama Toll question. On February 17, our team went to Cloverdale, where after a hot contest, the decision was given to Cloverdale. Our team put up an exceptionally fine argument.

On the evening of April 25, the last debate for the season was held with the Sonoma Union High. The debate was held in the S. R. H. S. Annex. A good crowd was out, and a number of Sonomians motored over for the event. The subject was, "Resolved, That the President of the United States should be elected for a term of six years, and be ineligible for re-election." Santa Rosa won by a unanimous decision.

On Friday, June 13, will be held the annual individual cup contest, on the subject, "Resolved, That the United States should permanently retain the Philippine Islands.

Those supporting the affirmative will be Leo Sullivan and Raegan Talbot. Negative—James Stanislausky, Frances Ahl and Jesse Lingenfelter.

Under the instruction of Mr. Montgomery the debating class has accomplished some good work, but a considerable amount yet remains. It is hoped that more will take up the work next term.

GOVERNING BOARD REPORT

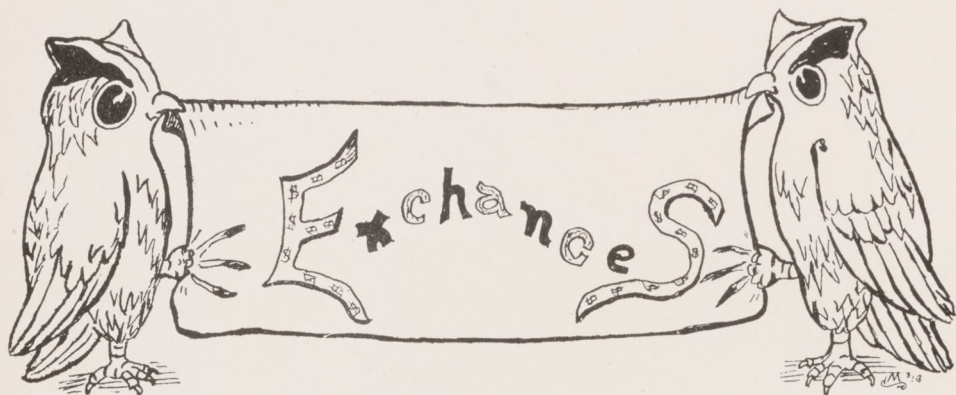
April 23—A regular session of the Governing Board was held. Lawrence Chapman was given \$4.75 to go to the Stanford meet and \$3.80 to the "Big C." Extra fare for track team to St. Helena, \$3.75. The track team was given permission to go to the A. A. L., paying expenses later. A committee composed of Miss Carpenter, Miss Wylie, Mr. Allen and five students are to arrange for a double game of basketball between the upper and lower classmen, selling refreshments during the day.

The debating team was given permission to meet Sonoma in Santa Rosa.

April 29—Track manager Talbot was given permission to buy a bottle of rubdown costing \$1.00. C. Hewitt was granted his numeral in basketball. The track team was granted permission to go to the N. W. S. L. at Ukiah, expenses \$14. The baseball manager was given \$2.85 for one baseball and expenses to Analy. Carried, that the grammar school pay the extra expense on hall.

May 6—A regular session of the Governing Board. The baseball team was allowed to go to Petaluma, paying half the expenses.

May 13—No quorum.



With this year of the **Echo** the school year ends, so we bid you, Exchanges, farewell for a time. May we make your acquaintance next term, and may our friendship be characterized by the same good feeling that has prevailed this year.

Among the exchanges this month, **The Elm**, from San Mateo Union High, has stood forth. It is an excellent paper from the cover design to the last joke on page seventy-seven. "The Lure of the Voice," and "The Little Oriental King," are stories deserving especial mention. Your exchange department is good.

The Oracle, Oakdale—You have a fine cover and a good material, but we would advise removing that add in the front, and keep it in the back with the other ads. A larger exchange department, if possible, would improve your appearance. Your cuts are very clever.

The Magnet, Selma Union—Your paper is one of the best that has come this month. Your material and arrangement are excellent, and your jokes are the best ever. Your cuts are very original and tasty. Come again.

The Tattler, from Milwaukee, has a good cover. However, I would suggest that you change the color of the paper and put all ads in the back and add a table of contents. Put the literary section first and the editorials next. Place the exchange department before the jokes. "Historic Affinities," and "Nerves," are two clever stories, the latter being very true to life.

The Manzanita Bark, from Palo Alto, is another good paper. Your stories are fine and your arrangement faultless. "What Talk Can Do" is a dandy story; and your athletics are above the ordinary. Your cuts are fine and your jokes are good. In short, you have a Class A paper.

As usual, **Keramos** is on time. While your material is good, a better arrangement could be found. For instance, group the Class History and Last Will in front, together with the pictures of the graduating class. Take the ads from the front and insert a table of contents. Put the jokes last, right before the ads. Your cartoons are good.

The Red and Black, Tampa—Put the ads in the back and keep them

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there. They detract from the appearance of the paper. Put in a table of contents. Otherwise your paper is faultless, as both material and arrangement are good. Your cuts are good, and the poems, especially the "Modern Shadivarius," are above the ordinary. Your business manager must be a hustler.

The Kodak, Everett—Why do you make your paper resemble an Eastman kodak booklet? The appearance would be improved by replacing the half-tone on the cover with a cut. Get a better grade of paper. Add a few cuts. I think it would be better if you could get out the paper independently. However that is for you judge. Your literary section is above criticism.

The Academy, Milwaukee—Take that ad from the front cover. Put in a table of contents. Put the exchanges before the jokes. Otherwise your paper is good. Those cartoons about the G. E. A. contest are very funny. I like that story, "Just Crooks." Instead of merely mentioning your exchanges, why don't you criticize them?

The Sequoia, from Eureka High, is "some" paper. It is good in all branches, from the literary section to the jokes. The cuts especially are to be commented upon. We hope to keep up your acquaintance.

The El Eco, Lincoln, is one of our best exchanges. The poem, "Pockawancee," is good, and in pleasing contrast with the material we usually see in other exchanges. The list of advertisers is a good way to call the reader's attention to the ads.

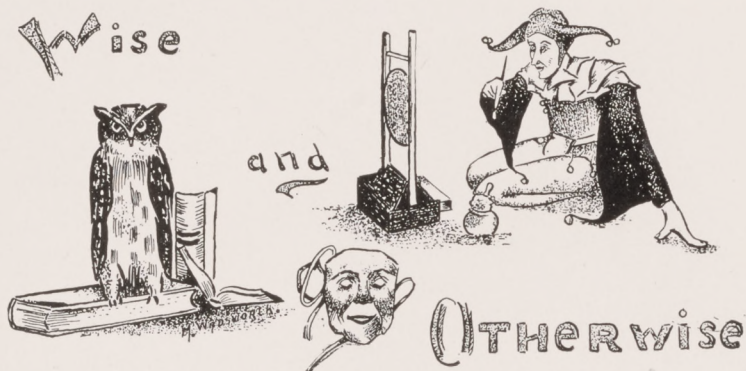
Mercury, that shot putter makes a good cover. As an improvement put the ads in the back. "Filial Piety" is out of the ordinary, and those cartoons take the cake. A few more cuts would enliven your appearance.

The Wheat is a good paper, but where do you come from? The only place I could find any mention of a city is in the class will. I take it then, that you came from Ritzville. The cover is good and the material is fine. Add a few cuts and don't run the material together so much. Mr. Joseph A. Fancher should be congratulated upon his treatise on Socialism; it is remarkably forcible and strong.

The Echo from Savannah, seems to have the same colors that we have. It is, however, another one of those papers that persist in putting ads in the front. You have very good material. Your athletics are well written up, but where is the joke section? Under the word Exchange, why don't you criticize other papers, instead of placing jokes there?

The Review, from Sacramento, certainly shows athletic spirit. The cover is fine. But why such a small literary section? Avoid, if possible, continued stories. Your cartoons are excellent. Get a larger exchange department. Place your editorials after the literary section. More jokes wouldn't hurt.

Visalia High School News, Visalia—You are our only weekly exchange. You must have a good school spirit to get out a weekly. The paper seems to be run by energetic people, and is the first step toward a daily.



Raegen and Mildred were sitting on the porch in the moonlight, when suddenly he kissed her.

Mildred W.—Oh, Raegen, that's not right.

Raegen T.—I'm awfully sorry, Mildred, won't you show me the proper way?

* * * * *

Miss Mailer (Physiology)—The human body contains various amounts of sulphur.

Jesse L.—That's why some girls make better matches than others.

* * * * *

Neighbor—What a sweet voice your Helen has!

Mrs. Fraser—Yes, we're in doubt whether to make her a grand opera singer or a telephone girl.

* * * * *

Son—Pa, what did prehistoric creatures look like?

Pa—I don't remember. Ask your mother.

* * * * *

Miss Wylie—Now, class, look at the board and I will run through it quickly.

* * * * *

Guy C.—I have a dog that is nearly thirty inches high.

Jesse L.—That's nothing. I have one that stands over four feet.

"What have you got in the shape of cucumbers this morning?" asked the customer.

"Nothing but bananas, ma'am," replied the youth.—Ex.

* * * * *

"Are you looking for your dog?"

"Yes."

"Why don't you put an add in the paper?"

"What's the use? The dog can't read."

* * * * *

"Waiter-hic-bring me a dish of prunes.

"Stewed, sir?"

"Don't get fresh."

* * * * *

Douglas C.—Pa, did Moses have the dyspepsia like you?

Pa Cameron—How on earth do I know?

Red—Why, our Sunday school teacher says the Lord gave Moses two tablets.

* * * * *

Florence wore a Psyche, and Chauncey loved her knot.

* * * * *

Miss Wylie (Hist. IV)—Edith, you do not seem to be able to express yourself.

Voice from back of the room—Third class freight.

THE ECHO

Chau. P. says Sebastopol is some
burg. We wonder why?

* * * * *

A pair in a canoe
Attempted to kiss
And in a short time
They landed like this.

* * * * *

Wetzler—You've been drinking. I
smell it in your breath.

Heime—Not a drop. I've been
eating frog legs and you smell the
hops.

* * * * *

Miss Abeel—Why, Charles, you
don't swear, do you?

Chas. H.—No; I don't swear, but
I know all the words.

* * * * *

W. Brown—Why is a blush spok-
en of as creeping over a girl's face?

L. Wilkinson—If it went faster it
might kick up a dust.

* * * * *

M. W. (at cafe)—This chicken is
about ten years old.

C. P.—How can you tell?

M. W.—By the teeth.

C. P.—But a fowl has no teeth.

M. W.—No, but I have.

* * * * *

It was midnight—Wow-wow-
wow-wow! yelled the baby.

"Four balls and I walk," respond-
ed the ball-player daddy in distress.

* * * * *

Elvira P.—Why don't you give
him the mitten?

Minnie T.—It isn't the mitten he
needs, it's a pair of socks; he's got
cold feet.

Modern Love Story

Chap. I.—Maid one.

Chap. II.—Maid won.

Chap. III.—Made one.

* * * * *

The Optimist

Examination.

No preparation.

Bluffication.

Realization.

The Pesimist

Examination.

Preparation.

Perspiration.

Declination.

* * * * *

Reason Enough

Doctor—Why are you hold-
ing that dying man's nose?

Pat—Sure, and to keep the
breath from leaving him.—Ex.

* * * * *

Chop. H. (to waitress in swell
restaurant)—How's the chicken?

Waitress—Oh, I'm pretty well,
thank you.

* * * * *

Roy M.—Well, I must make a
start.

Ruth D.—Better late than never.

* * * * *

Of all the little imps, imp-ossible
is the worst.

* * * * *

Sunday School Teacher—Robert,
how many years did Methuselah
live? What, don't you know?
Here is the list I asked you to mem-
orize. Methuselah 969.

Robert W.—Oh, is that what it
means? I supposed that was his
telephone number.

THE ECHO

Chas. R.—You seem warm; have you been exercising?

Hugh W.—Yes, indeed; I went to the mute dance and swung dumb belles around all evening.

* * * * *

Mitchell—Didn't you feel pretty cheap sitting there with a young and innocent girl at such a shocking play?

Chas. P.—I did. She had to explain a good many of the innuendoes before I was able to get them.

* * * * *

Merritt—They say that an oyster is as complicated as a watch.

Lester N.—Well, I know both of them run down easily.

* * * * *

Tillie B.—Did the play have a happy ending?

Gladys C.—You bet it did. Some one in the gallery hit the villain in the face with a tomato.

* * * * *

"Just because a man can break a broncho and win a prize fight is no sign he can manage a woman."—Mr. Martin.

* * * * *

Clara—I consider, Guy, that sheep are the most stupid creatures living.

Guy C. (absent-mindedly)—Yes, my lamb.

Tillie deB.—I wish that I could find something to absorb my mind.

Allison D.—Have you tried blotting paper?

* * * * *

Visitor—Oh, don't trouble to show me the door.

Hostess—No trouble at all, dear, it's a pleasure.

* * * * *

Tommy—Pop, what's a diplomat?

Tommy's Pop—A diplomat, my son, is a man who remembers a woman's birthday, but forgets her age.

* * * * *

Abe C.— Clara K.
I stole a kiss the other night,
My conscience hurts, alack;
I think I'll go again tonight
And put the blamed thing back.

* * * * *

Hugh W.—I could waltz to heaven with you!

Helen F. (absently)—Can you reverse?

* * * * *

If a sail broke would Bernice Rowe?

If Howard is meek is Merton Meeker?

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THE ECHO

Father F. (11:55 p. m. from his position at the top of the stairs)—Margaret, doesn't that young man know how to say good night?

Margaret F.—Does he? echoed the young lady in the darkened hall, well, I should say he does.

* * * * *

Oily to bed and oily to rise,
Is the fate of a man,
When an auto he buys.

* * * * *

Mr. Steele—Why does the United States charge 40 per cent duty on hides shipped into this country?

Lester N.—To protect our own hides, I guess.

* * * * *

Chop. R. (in restaurant)—Do you serve lobsters here?

Waiter—Certainly, sir; sit right down.

* * * * *

Now I lay me down to sleep,
In my little bunk;
I hope to die before I wake,
And thus escape a flunk.

* * * * *

Arthur Meese (after reheasal of a real spoony scene with Gladys C.)—Come on let's go through it again.

* * * * *

A curling iron, a cunning girl,
A powder puff, a pretty girl;
A little rain, away it goes;
A homely girl, with freckled nose.

Miss O'Meara—John, who is Kipling?

John R.—Kip Ling? Oh, he runs a laundry on Second street.

* * * * *

Wood-chopper—I seen a lot o' bear tracks about a mile north of here.

Chop. R.—Good! Which way is south?

* * * * *

Coleman—I hear Coulter studied three hours last night.

C. Chapman—Yes, there is no limit to what some people will do to pass an ex."

* * * * *

Life is a joke,
All things show it;
Look at the Freshmen,
Then you will know it.

* * * * *

Margaret F.—Clara's a decided blond, isn't she?

Zelma—Yes; but she only decided recently.

The old lady (gazing at the statue of Winged Victory—"I dew declare, Jerushah, it beats all how those students breaks up things."

* * * * *

Clara K.—Won't you try some of my angel cake?

Guy Chap.—Will it make an angel of me?

Clara—Well, it depends on what kind of a life you have lead.

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THE ECHO

Really

C. Steinnort—I have trouble with my feet, one foot is larger than the other. What do you advise?

Abe—Buy different size shoes and put the larger one on the larger foot.

* * * * *

Sayle P.—Darling, when did you first find out you loved me?

Zelma C.—When I got annoyed because my friend called you an idiot.

* * * * *

Mr. Entzminger—Albert, go fetch the old horse.

Albert—Why the old one?

Mr. E.—Wear out the old one first—that's my motto.

Albert—Well, father, then you fetch the horse!

(Motto applied all right.)

* * * * *

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* * * * *

Miss Abeel (in Study hall)—No one can speak or move while I am in the study hall; but, of course, if I think that you are dying, I shall not be so unreasonable as to not let you get a drink of water.

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Jacobs'

Jar Taffies?

IF NOT

WHY NOT?

[Page fifty-eight]

Not Particular

Judge A.—You owe me four bits.

Ada S.—What for?

J. A.—Oh! any four.

* * * * *

Beryl Le B. (entering music store)—Have you "Kissing Time?"

Clerk (hurriedly)—I'm busy now; in a moment.

* * * * *

Donald S. Shall we talk or dance?

Dorothy B.—I'm so tired; let's dance.

* * * * *

Florence C.—Gladys told me your hair was dyed.

Charlotte V. W. (indignantly)—'Tis false.

Florence—I told her so.

* * * * *

Helen F.—Why, the creature even hinted that I am indebted to the drug store for complexion.

Beryl L.—The idea! I know positively, dear, that you always pay cash.

Miss Crane—Do people die often under chloroform?

Pauline C.—No; only once.

* * * * *

Helen F.—My mouth is so small it doesn't look large enough to hold my tongue.

Hugh W.—It isn't.

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THE ECHO

Guy C.—Spring's coming early this year.

Norman McP.—Another of those forced Marches, I suppose.

* * * * *

Florence C.—We came from monkeys.

Chester G.—And go to the dogs.

* * * * *

Helen F.—Chap. says I grow younger every day.

Beryl Le B.—Well, I shouldn't be surprised to see your name in the birth list.

* * * * *

D. Seaton—I am going to propose for the last time.

O. S.—Then you are going to be a batchelor.

* * * * *

Marie R.—What do you think of the kissing game?

Dorothy C.—Well, to tell you the truth, I really don't know how.

* * * * *

Leo S.—Paw, what is light fiction.

Father S.—Gas and electric light bills, my son.

* * * * *

Miss Smith (Alg. 9b.)—Tom, why couldn't you find the result of those problems you took home?

Tom M.—My father said they were too hard for him, and wondered if you couldn't give me a few easier ones to do?

Miss Wirt (German 10 a)—Earl take your seat!

Earl R.—Where shall I take it?

* * * * *

A Crime (Senior Play)

Gladys C.—What do you think of the plot?

That isn't a plot, replied her father, who had bought tickets for the whole family. That's a conspiracy.

* * * * *

Miss Crane (discussing metals)—How was iron first discovered?

Emily R.—They smelt it.

* * * * *

Leo S.—Why don't you put your foot where it belongs?

D. Cameron—If I did you wouldn't be able to sit down for two weeks.

* * * * *

R. Pool—I want some summer underclothes.

Merchant—How long?

Pool—You boob, I don't want to rent them, I want to buy them.

* * * * *

C. Gore—Say, isn't it funny that the biggest roughnecks get the prettiest girls?

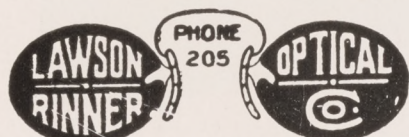
Gladys P.—Now you're trying to flatter me.

* * * * *

Clara K.—Don told me last night that I was as pretty as a picture.

Mae H. (jealous)—I shouldn't wonder; I saw him looking at those Cubist horrors yesterday afternoon.

* * * * *



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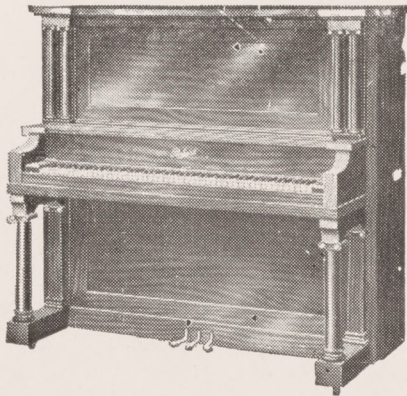
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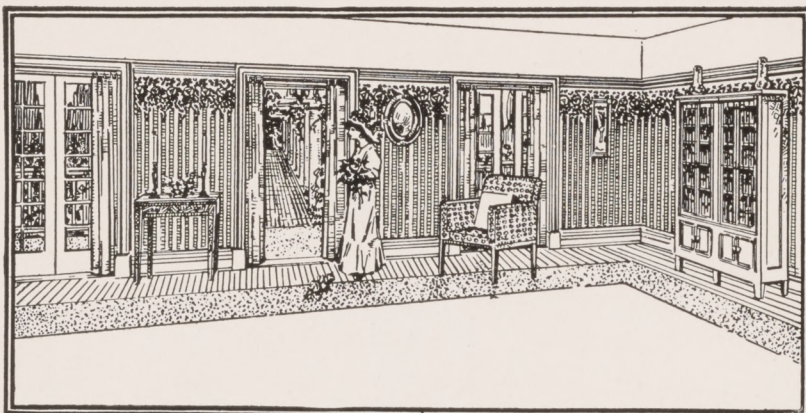
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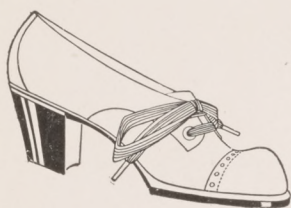
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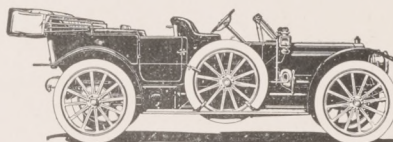
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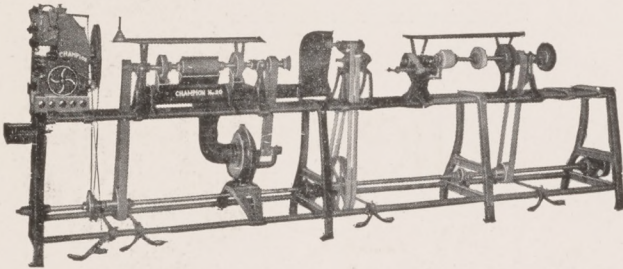


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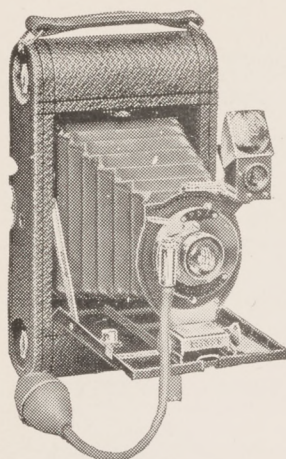
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